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ON WEALTH.

ALL men, it has been said, desire Wealth except those who have possessed it long enough to know that it, too, is vanity and vexation of spirit. In like manner, all men dread poverty except those who have endured it long enough to know that the fear of it is far worse than the reality. One of the negative advantages of wealth is this lifting up of a man above the dread of being in want, or in debt, or being neglected and insignificant, or even of having to work. For to the aged and sickly this last is a terror. To be rid of the fear of these calamities is no small gain. To have no dread of being deserted in old age, when the face is no longer fair to look upon, when the sight is dim, the hearing dull, the breath acrid, the temper, it may be, irritable—to feel secure of honour, love, obedience, or what pass for such, is one of the prerogatives of riches. In sickness, to have all duteous cares and attentions redoubled about them, is another; for the hand, feeble though it be, is yet a hand of power; and the breath, shortened and labouring, still carries authority to control the destinies of those about them. True it is, nevertheless, that whoso hath riches hath fear—fear of the proverbial wings which riches make to themselves and fly away with; fear, too, of leaving them—for he remembers having read at his mother's knee how that 'the rich man shall lie down, but he shall not be gathered: he openeth his eyes, and he is not.' Above all, the rich man nourishes that form of fear which shows itself as distrust and suspicion—distrust of the advances of strangers, suspicion of the motives which dictate those advances.

There is, without doubt, a hollowness in the deference with which the owner of great wealth is often approached on the one hand, and on the other a well-grounded suspicion of that hollowness, which hampers the intercourse between the wealthy and those about them. This applies not so much to the young rich man, who, well satisfied with himself and his surroundings, is seldom prone to suspicion, and is therefore an easy dupe

to flatterers; but to him whose distrust of his fellows is justified, as he considers, by the experience of a lifetime passed amongst toadeaters and sycophants.

The serene pleasure produced by perfect freedom in intercourse is thus inevitably absent, since that freedom is incompatible with a suspicion of insincerity. Inequality of fortune is alone sufficient to put this freedom into bondage. Men like Swift, who have actually felt their inferiority of position coupled with superiority of understanding, are apt to vent the irritation thus engendered in bitter sarcasm—a sarcasm which plainly reveals how their self-respect has been galled by the sight of the deference due to worth, absorbed by wealth.

But if it be painful to an upright mind to see money-grubbers respected, or to be themselves suspected of interested motives when paying due deference to the aged rich, how much more painful is that experience which teaches distrust of the frank advance, the courteous accost? What an inward degradation and stab to self-respect, to be compelled involuntarily to weigh the motives of those who address us, and question if it is to ourselves the courtesy is due, or to the power temporarily vested in our hands! Under this strain, many a naturally sweet and generous mind has turned morbidly sour and suspicious; while more than one great mind has deliberately resigned those adjuncts which it knew to be less than itself, but which it also knew to be the objects of worship and envy to those by whom it was surrounded.

Among the positive advantages of riches may be reckoned their efficacy to introduce their owner not only into society which his attainments alone could not command, but also that they give him the power of becoming acquainted with the grandest scenery of earth, by enabling him to travel; that they leave him leisure to study, should he be so disposed, the latest marvels of science, the most exquisite productions of art; to follow the glorious imaginings of poets, and learn wisdom of the philosophers.

But wealth has greater riches in store even than these, great as they are. It gives a man power to benefit his fellow-men. A rich man can, if he be so minded, be eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, health to the sick, comfort to the care-laden. By a scrape of his pen he can turn the children of the poor man from burdens into blessings, by putting them in a position to earn their own livelihood, and perhaps help their parents. To the ignorant he can give instruction; to the unemployed, work; to the worker, encouragement; to the unsuccessful, consolation; to the despairing, hope.

Who, then, shall say that wealth is not to be desired—that it is wrong to covet riches? No one, except perhaps the man who, secretly coveting, despairs of attaining, and affects to despise wealth. One among the many curious effects of riches on the minds of men, is the growth of the capacity and desire for all that wealth can bestow, which usually accompanies the accumulation of riches. 'If riches increase, how are they increased that eat them,' is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. People are said to rise with their circumstances when everything they can now legitimately enjoy is to them as though it had always been theirs; who, driving in a carriage, forget they have ever walked; or, drinking wine, forget their toast-and-water days; or, more rarely, dressing richly, are oblivious of the change in their attire. A bride may forget her ornaments, but can a newly-rich woman be unmindful of her diamond ring? And when, after twenty years of creating, and twenty years of enjoying wealth, when you are getting to feel 'the old man,' and the young folks are beginning, gently and indulgently, but persistently, to come to the front, invite the company, decide the time and place of the annual holiday, when, suddenly, those Silverine bonds fall lower and lower, and the Grand Cerulean shares drop like mercury before a storm—when, in short, riches make themselves wings and fly away—when Bob is taken from college and sent 'abroad,' and Julia's harp is sold, and Julia herself, the pride of your heart, becomes governess to the children of your dearest enemy; and your wife, prematurely aged, sits opposite to you by the fireside, looking at the hands unadorned now by diamonds, and weary with unaccustomed work: when this comes about, why, then, for the first time you realise what is meant by the 'deceitfulness' of riches.

But if riches do not fly away, but steadily increase, some there are in such a case who by-and-by lose the power to make use of their wealth. They may have a fine house; they barely allow themselves the use of the worst room in it; they walk, with the means of riding in their cash-box; they deny themselves all pleasures to indulge in the one pleasure of saving. In their waning age, honour and ease are as nothing beside the accumulation of barren metal, which, like a load, they carry until death relieves them of the burden.

Too often is it true that though 'the rich man answereth roughly,' he is never without friends, especially if he be childless—friends who attend upon his whims and fancies for the sake of that which he will never part with until it is no longer his to give or to withhold; and he earns

the posthumous gratitude of his legatees, a gratitude vastly increased by the fact that there is no need to give it expression. For they say, and not unjustly: 'Poor man! he held tight to it as long as he could. If he could have kept it, it wouldn't be mine now. Small need of thanks.'

The very look of money, coined or in the potential note or draft, is irresistible to some minds. We all remember the story of the young man who, going to repay his uncle the loan of a thousand pounds, was received with assurances of the unimportance of the affair, and the very slight necessity there was for repayment, or even thinking any more about it, until the nephew produced a crisp, new thousand-pound note, which so fascinated the eyes and imagination of the lender, that after fingering, he finally pocketed the note, saying: 'Ah, well; you can come again, you know, if you are hard up at any time;' leaving the disappointed prodigal firmly convinced that had the note been an old and a dirty one, or the sum made up of coinage and paper—in short, had it been anything but what it was, clean, crackling, crisp, *multum in parvo*, his kinsman's generosity would have got the better of his cupidity, and he himself have been the richer by a thousand pounds.

Of all the causes of quarrel public and private since the world began, wealth 'treasure' is surely the most certain and most prolific. The emulation of intellects is keen all the world over, but it is mild compared with the struggle for riches between nations and individuals. And if it be true, as it is, that 'there is that maketh himself rich and yet hath nothing'—who, having all that wealth can bestow, is yet a pauper in heart and brain, living a life of fear and suspicion—fear to lose his treasure, suspicion of the motives of those about him, still, this man is not so sunk as the man who envies him his hoarded wealth. If fear be the curse of the rich, envy, cankering envy, is no less the curse of the poor. Burns says:

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;

and if he, the large-hearted, strong-brained poor man, felt this, how certainly is it experienced by the narrow soul, who thinks that because money would make *him*, as he fancies, happy, so the rich must be happy also; and he envies them accordingly. Yet, would he consider for a moment, his envy would soon abate: the rich man is but the steward of his wealth; only a certain limited amount can he spend upon himself, and he often toils in his stewardship more strenuously, and with less appreciation, than his salaried dependents. Add to this the fact—of which the wealthy are often painfully conscious—that the very persons whose friendship would be most acceptable to them are those who purposely avoid them, for fear of misconception; that the woman they love turns away because she will not submit to be suspected of marrying for money; and so they are left to the society of less sensitive, or more candidly interested companions, who both foster and justify their distrust; and it will be acknowledged that the 'wine of life'—happy, unrestrained intercourse

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with their fellows—is to a great extent denied to the lonely rich man.

But this negative disadvantage pales its ineffec-
tual fires before the active persecution which
besets the wealthy. Now and then the curtain
is lifted, and we see the millionaire a prey to
nervous fears, a revolver by his bedside, in dread
that some one of the maniacs who daily dog his
path, and deluge his letter-box with impossible
demands for his cash, may attempt the ven-
geance they all threaten. If he cannot hope to
be loved for himself, is he also to be deprived of
all peace of mind and sense of security? Will
men never approach him except with hands
extended either to beg or to menace?

'Ah, Davy,' said Dr Johnson, after surveying
Garriek's grand new house, furnished with all
that was pleasant to the eye and good for com-
fort—'ah, Davy, these are the things that make
death terrible!'

Certain it is that if to leave aches and pains,
penury and anxiety, distress and want, and
neglect and unkindness, to exchange these for
what they hope of heaven, makes death a not
unwelcome visitor to half the human race; so,
to leave ease and plenty, comfort and happi-
ness, warmth and friends, love and life itself
—to exchange these for what they fear of the
chill, unknown hereafter—makes the importunate
Phantom appear to the other half, in Eastern
guise, as the Separator of companions, the
Divider of friends, the Finisher of delights, and
the Replenisher of tombs. So that, as wealth is
not without its drawbacks and disadvantages, as
it engenders fear, distrust, suspicion, envy, hatred,
and disagreements without number, it is well
to remember that either riches or poverty is but
in opinion, that that man is rich whose wants
are few, and that all have riches sufficient who
have enough to be charitable.

THE IVORY GATE.*

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WAS HE IN RAGS?

STUBBORN as a mule. Yes—it is the way with
some girls: man is soft as wax compared with
woman: man concedes, compromises, gives way,
submits: woman has her own way—when that
way is the right way she becomes a pearl above
price.

Elsie, when the door was shut and her sister
gone, stood silent, immovable. A red spot burned
in her cheeks: her eyes were unnaturally bright:
her lips parted: she was possessed by a mighty
wrath and great determination: she was the
tigress who fights for her beloved. Meantime,
everything was changed: the sunshine had gone
out of the day: the warmth out of the air: her
work, that had pleased her so much an hour
ago, seemed a poor weak thing: not worth think-
ing about. Everything was a trifle not worth
thinking about—the details of her wedding: her
presents: her honeymoon: her pretty flat—all
became insignificant compared with this threat-
ened charge against her lover. How was it to be

met? If it was only a suspicion put into shape
by Sir Samuel and old Checkley, it would be
best to say nothing. If it was really going
to be brought against him, would it not be
best to warn him beforehand? And about her
brother?—

She sat down and wrote out the facts. To
be doing this cleared her brain, and seemed like
working for her lover. In March 1882 a cheque
for £720 to the order of one Edmund Gray was
cashed in ten-pound notes by a commissionaire
sent from an hotel in Arundel Street, Strand.
No one ever found out this Edmund Gray.
Athelstan was suspected. The notes themselves
were never presented, and were found the other
day in Mr Dering's safe, covered with dust, as
the back of some books.

In February, March, and April, by means of
forged letters, a great quantity of shares were
transferred from the name of Edward Dering
to that of Edmund Gray. The writing of the
letters was the same as that of the forged
cheque.

These were the only facts. The rest was all
inference and presumption. Athelstan had been
seen in London: Athelstan had been living all
the time in London: Athelstan had been seen
going into the house which was given as the
residence of Edmund Gray. Well—Athelstan
must be seen the very first thing. Further than
this point she could not get. She rang the bell,
ordered tea to be brought to her own room, and
then put on her hat and went out to the Gardens,
where she walked about under the trees, dis-
quieted and unhappy. If a charge is going to
be brought against you, the most innocent man
in the world must be disquieted until he knows
the nature of the evidence against him. Once
satisfied as to that, he may be happy again.
What evidence could they bring against George?

She went home about eight, going without
dinner rather than sit down with her mother.
It is a miserable thing for a girl to be full of
hardness against her mother. Elsie already had
had experience, as you have seen. For the
present, better not to meet at all. Therefore she
did not go home for dinner, but took a bun and
a cup of coffee—woman's substitute for dinner—
at a confectioner's.

When George called about nine o'clock, he was
taken into the studio, where he found Elsie with
the traces of tears in her eyes.

'Why, Elsie,' he cried, 'what is the matter?
Why are you crying, my dear? and why are you
alone in this room?'

'I choke in this house, George. Take me out
of it—take me away. Let us walk about the
Squares and talk. I have a good deal to
say.'

'Now, dear, what is it?'—when they were
outside. 'What happened? You are trembling
—you have been shaken. Tell me, dear.'

'I don't think I can tell you just at present—
not all.'

'Something, then—the rest afterwards. Tell
me by instalments.'

'You are quite happy, George? Nobody has
said anything to make you angry, at the office,
or anywhere else?'

'Nobody. We are going on just the same. Mr
Dering thinks and talks about nothing but the

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robbery. So do I. So does everybody else. I suppose Checkley has told, for every clerk in the place knows about it, and is talking about it.—Why do you ask if anybody has made me angry?’

‘My dear George, Hilda has been here this afternoon. You know that—sometimes—Hilda does not always say the kindest things about people.’

‘Not always. I remember when she wrote me a letter asking whether I thought that a lawyer’s clerk was a fit aspirant for the hand of her sister. Not always just the kindest things. But I thought we were all on the most affectionate terms, and that everything had been sponged out. She has been saying more kind things about me. What have I done now? Isn’t the money difficulty solved?’

‘I will tell you some other time—not now—what she said. At the present moment I want to ask you a question. If you have reasons for not answering, say so, and I shall be quite satisfied; but answer me if you can. This is the question. Hilda says that Athelstan is secretly in London, and that you know it, and that you have been seen with him. Is that true?’

‘Well—Elsie—the only reason for not telling you that Athelstan is here is that he himself made me promise not to tell you. Athelstan is in London. I see him often. I shall see him this evening after leaving you. He is in London, walking about openly. Why not? I know no reason for any concealment. But he cannot go to see his mother, or enter his mother’s house, until this charge against him has been acknowledged to be baseless. As for you, he will be the first person to visit you—and will be your most frequent visitor—when we are married. He is always talking about you. He is longing for the time when he can see you openly. But nothing will persuade him to come here. He is still bitter against his mother and against Hilda.’

Elsie sighed. ‘It is very terrible—and now—But go on.’

‘I have answered your question, Elsie.’

‘Oh, no. I have only just begun. You say that Athelstan is in London; but you do not tell me what he is doing and how he fares.’

‘He fares very well, and he is prosperous.’

‘Hilda says that he has been living in some wretched quarter of London all these years; that he has been frequenting low company; and that he has been, until the last few weeks, in rags and penury.’

George laughed aloud. ‘Where on earth did Hilda get this precious information? Athelstan in a low quarter? Athelstan a Prodigal? Athelstan in rags? My dearest Elsie, if Lady Dering were not your sister, I should say that she had gone mad with venomous hatred of the brother whom she made so much haste to believe guilty.’

‘Oh! Tell me quick, George. Don’t say anything against Hilda, please. I am already—Tell me quick the whole truth.’

‘Well, dear, the whole truth is this. Athelstan is doing very well. I suppose you might call him prosperous. When he went away, he had ten pounds to begin with. People kindly credited him with the nice little sum of £720 obtained by

a forgery. We now know that this money has been lying in the safe all the time—how it got there, the Lord knows—perhaps Checkley could tell. He went to America by the cheapest way possible. He had many adventures and many ups and downs, all of which he will tell you before long. Once he had great good fortune on a silver mine or something; he made thousands of pounds over it. Then he lost all his money—dropped it down a sink or into an open drain—you know, in America, these traps are plentiful, and started again on his ten pounds. He was a journalist all the time, and he is a journalist still. He is now over here as the London correspondent of a great paper of San Francisco.—That, my dear Elsie, is, briefly, the record of your brother since he went away.’

‘Oh! But are you quite sure, George?—quite—quite sure? Because, if this can be proved!’—

‘Nothing is more easy to prove. He brought letters to a London Bank introducing him as the correspondent, and empowering him to draw certain moneys.’

‘How long has Athelstan been at home?’ She remembered the dates of the recent forgeries, and the alleged fact that all were in the same handwriting.

‘You are so persistent, Elsie, that I am certain you have got something serious on your mind—won’t you tell me?’

‘No, George—not to-night. But—how long has Athelstan been in England?’

‘I will tell you exactly how and when I met him. Do you remember three weeks ago, that Sunday evening when we were so happy and so miserable—resolved on braving everything—going to live on love and a crust for the rest of our lives?—you poor, dear, brave girl!’ He touched her fingers. ‘I shall always be thankful for that prospect of poverty, because it revealed my mistress to me in all her loveliness of love and trust and courage.’

‘Oh, George—you spoil me. But then I know myself better.’

‘Well—on that evening we went to Church together; and after Church, as I was not allowed in the house, we walked round and round the Square until the rain came on, and we had to go home. Well, you did not take any notice; but as you stood on the steps waiting for the door to be opened, a man was standing on the kerb under the lamp close by. When the door was shut behind you, I turned and walked away. This man followed me and clapped me on the shoulder. It was Athelstan.’

‘And I saw him and did not know him!’

‘He has grown a big beard now, and wore a felt hat. He is a picturesque object to look at. Ought to have been one of Drake’s men. I dare say he was in a former existence. He had then been in England exactly a week, and every day he had prowled about the place in the hope of seeing you—not speaking to you—he trusted that you would not know him again.’

‘Oh, poor Athelstan! That is nearly three weeks ago. He has been in England four weeks—a month—and three—four—five months ago—where was he?’

‘I told you. In California.’

‘Oh! Then he could not—possibly—not pos-

sibly—and it can be proved—and oh! George—George—I am so glad—I am so glad.' She showed her joy by a light shower of tears.

'Why, my dear,' he said, soothing her, 'why are you so troubled and yet so glad?'

'You don't quite understand, George. You don't know the things that are said. All these forgeries are in the same handwriting.'

'Certainly.'

'One man has written all these letters and cheques and things—both that of eight years ago and those of last March?'

'That is perfectly certain.'

'Then, don't you see? Athelstan was out of England when these newly-discovered forgeries were done. Therefore, he had no hand in them. Therefore, again, he could have no hand in the earlier one. Why—you establish his innocence perfectly. Now you see one of the reasons why I was so glad.'

The other reason—that this fact destroyed at one blow the whole of the splendid edifice constructed upon the alleged stay of Athelstan in London—Elsie concealed. Her heart, it must be acknowledged, was lightened. You may have the most complete belief in the innocence of a person, but it is well to have the belief strengthened by facts.

'As for me,' said George, 'I have been so long accustomed to regard him as one of the worst used of men, that I never thought of that conclusion. Of course, if the handwriting is the same, and it certainly seems the same—a very good imitation of Mr Dering's hand—there is nothing now to be said. Athelstan was in California in the spring. That settles it. And the notes were in the safe. Two clinchers. But to some minds a suspicion is a charge, and a charge is a fact.'

'George, you must take me to Athelstan. Give me his address.'

'He is in lodgings in Half-moon Street. I will ask him if he will meet you.'

'No—no; let me go to him. It is more fitting. You will see him presently. Will you tell him that I will call upon him to-morrow morning at eleven? And tell him, George, that something has happened—something that makes it impossible for me to remain at home—even for the short time before our wedding.'

'Elsie! this is very serious.'

'Yes, it is very serious. Tell him that I shall ask him to receive me until the wedding, or until certain things have happened.—But in any case—oh! they must happen so—they must—it is too absurd.'

'Elsie, my dear, you grow interjectional.'

'Yes—yes. I mean, George, that if things turn out as I hope they may, I will go home again. If not, we will be married from Athelstan's lodgings.'

'And you will not tell me what this terrible business is?'

'Not to-night, George,' she repeated. 'It is very serious, and it makes me very unhappy that my mother and sister'—

'It was something to do with me, Elsie, clearly. Never mind. Tell me when you please. Whatever you do is sure to be right. I will see him this evening.'

'Thank you, George. I think that what I

propose is the wisest thing to do. Besides, I want to be with you and Athelstan. Tell him that as he left the house eight years ago, I leave it now.'

'You? Why, my dear child, what forgeries have you been committing?'

'None. And yet— Well, George, that is enough about me and my troubles. Tell me now about your search into this business. How have you got on?'

'There is nothing new to report. I told you that I left a note on Edmund Gray's table. No answer has come to that. The Bank has written to tell him that his letter of introduction was a forgery. No answer. The dividends are accumulating: he draws no cheques: he makes no sign. In a word, though this money is lying to his credit, and the shares are transferred to his name, and the letters give his address, there is nothing whatever to convict the man himself. We could not prove his signature, and he has taken none of the money. He might call any day and say that he knew nothing about it. I wonder he hasn't done it. When he does, we shall just have to put everything straight again. As for poor old Checkley, I really believe that he is going mad. If I meet him, he glares: if he is in his master's room, his eyes follow me about under his shaggy eyebrows with a malignity which I have never seen painted. As for being described, words couldn't do it. I suppose he sees that the end is inevitable. Really, Elsie, the man would murder me if he dared.'

'The man is dangerous, George, as well as malignant. But I think he will do you no harm in the long run.—Have you told Athelstan what is going on?'

'Certainly. He follows the business with the greatest interest. He agrees with me that the thing is done out of the office with the help of some one in. Now, the point is, that the man in the office must have the control of the post. All the letters must pass through his hands. Who is that man? No one but Checkley. Everything turns on that. Now, here is a lucky accident. An old friend of Athelstan's, a man who coaches, has chambers on the same stairs and on the same floor. He knows this Mr Edmund Gray. We have been to his rooms to question him.'

'Is it to see this old friend that Athelstan visits No. 22?'

'Yes. His name is Carstone—commonly called Freddy Carstone—a pleasing man, with a little weakness, which seems to endear him to his friends.'

'This is the way in which things get distorted in a malignant mind! Well. What did this gentleman tell you about this mysterious Edmund Gray?'

'Nothing definite. That he is some kind of Socialist we knew before: that he has occupied the chambers for ten years or so we knew before. Also, that he is an elderly gentleman of benevolent aspect. And that he is irregular in his visits to his chambers. We seem to get no further. We see Checkley coming out of the house. That connects him, to be sure. But that is not much. There is no connection established between Edmund Gray and the forgeries in his name. Nor between Checkley and the forgeries.

One feels that if one could lay hold of this mysterious elderly gentleman, a real step in advance would be taken.'

'You talked at first of arresting him on the charge.'

'Well—there is no evidence. His name has been used—that is all. On that evidence, no magistrate would issue a warrant. Sometimes one's head goes round with the bewilderment of it. I've managed to learn something about Checkley in the course of these inquiries. He is quite a great man, Elsie: a tavern oracle in the evening: a landlord and householder and collector of his own rents at odd hours: a capitalist and a miser. But he is not, as thought at first—Edmund Gray.'

They had by this time got round to the house again. 'Go, now, George,' said Elsie. 'See Athelstan this evening. Tell him that I must go to him. I will tell him why to-morrow.'

'If he is not at his club, I will go to his lodgings. If he is not there, I will wait till he comes home. And before I go home, I will drop a note for you.—Good-night, sweetheart—good-night.'

THE NEW CANADIAN CENSUS.

THE recent census of Canada is interesting for many reasons, apart from the rather disappointing increase (504,601) it shows in the population, equal to about 11·66 per cent. in the decade 1881-1891. The figures for the various Provinces, as compared with those of 1881, are as follows: Nova Scotia has a population of 450,523, as against 440,572 in 1881; New Brunswick, 321,294, as against 321,233; Prince Edward Island, 109,088, as against 108,891; Quebec, 1,488,586, as against 1,359,027; Ontario, 2,112,989, as against 1,926,922; Manitoba, 154,442, as against 62,260; British Columbia, 92,767, as against 49,459; and the North-west Provinces and Unorganised Territory, 99,722, as against 56,446. In the Maritime Provinces the gain is 1·17 per cent.; in Quebec, 9·53 per cent.; in Ontario, 9·65; in Manitoba, 148·06; in the North-west, 164·76; in British Columbia, 87·86; and in the Unorganised Territory, 80 per cent.

Among other things the census indicates that in new countries, as in older ones, there is apt to be a falling-off in the rural population and a movement towards the towns. This in the case of the Dominion of course only applies to the older provinces, not to Manitoba, the North-west Territories, and British Columbia; and it is accounted for by reasons somewhat different from those which generally obtain elsewhere. There are naturally some points of similarity, such as the development of the manufacturing industries, which has been specially noticeable in the last ten years; the higher wages in the towns; and the lessened demand for labour caused by the improvements in agricultural machinery. But, on the other hand, there are no heavy rents and taxes or tithes, and there is not so wide a divergence between urban and rural wages as in Great Britain. The slowness of the increase is all the more remarkable in view of the immense areas of unoccupied land still to be found in the

older provinces, except Prince Edward Island. Most of the Crown land in question is, however, covered with bush, scrub, or forest; and no one who has not had a hand in clearing a farm under such conditions, or who has not seen the process in course of development, can form any idea of what the work means. The farmers, although usually comfortably off, and able to make a good living on the old homesteads, are not always able to buy improved farms for their sons as they grow up; and consequently, the latter, instead of taking up claims in the backwoods, as their fathers did, go West to the free-grant lands on the prairies of Manitoba and the North-west Territories, or else make their way into the towns. Then, again, the old folks in such cases often sell the farms they hewed out of the forest in years gone by, and go West with their sons, the proceeds of the sale being sufficient to start the whole family comfortably on a comparatively large tract of land there. This helps to explain the slow progress of the rural districts of the older parts of Canada, and, in conjunction with the immigration that has taken place, the more rapid increase in the prairie country and in British Columbia. The forest lands of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario will undoubtedly be attacked in time; but we shall have to wait until land becomes scarcer than it is in the great western plains of the Dominion. The condition of things in those provinces is not singular, for the same causes have been at work in New England, and there has been a falling-off in the population of the rural districts of that part of the United States.

The movement to which reference has been made is merely a transference of population from the east to the west, and is of recent growth. But before the great Canadian plains between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains were opened up and made accessible, which only took place in a partial degree about ten years ago—the Canadian Pacific Railway was not completed until November 1885—a goodly proportion of this bone and muscle of Canada went to the prairies of the United States, which have been available for settlement for the last thirty or forty years. The large number of Canadians in the Republic is the result of that emigration, and the lamentable consequence of British apathy in allowing the millions of acres of fertile land within our own boundaries, north of the forty-ninth parallel, to remain a *terra incognita* for so long a period. There is another thing which helps to explain the existence of a strong Canadian element in the States. Before the extension of the limits of the Dominion by the acquisition of the Hudson Bay Territory and British Columbia, Canada consisted of a strip of land along the great lakes, the river St Lawrence, and the coasts and rivers of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. It was practically without railway communication to any large extent, and the area under cultivation did not increase with much rapidity from the time the American prairies began to attract attention. All this time, however, the rising generation in many well-to-do middle-class and successful agriculturists' families were being educated for the professional and lighter callings; and as Canada did not then supply so many openings of the kind as she does now, and the

manufacturing industry was in its infancy, these young people were almost obliged to go to the States; and the same thing may be said of the youthful French-Canadians and others, who were attracted by the high wages of the New England factories. There is little or no movement from Canada to the United States at the present time; indeed, so far from its being the case, people are going to Canada from the United States; and over three thousand emigrants from Dakota are reported to have settled in Manitoba and the North-west Territories last summer.

The increase in these last-named provinces and in British Columbia, though more satisfactory than in Eastern Canada, is not what was expected; but it must be remembered that twenty years ago the country was, as Lord Beaconsfield described it, an illimitable wilderness, having no railway communication with Eastern Canada; in fact, there was not a mile of railway in the country. As already mentioned, it is only six years since the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed. The population, chiefly Indians, was in 1878 under forty-four thousand; in 1881 it had increased to about eighty-eight thousand; and in 1891 it was about two hundred and twenty-one thousand, which, in view of all the circumstances, is not a bad showing. Immigration has to be coaxed and attracted; and much as more people are wanted there, they cannot be forced to go, and the movement must develop naturally. Manitoba has had to contend with misrepresentations of all sorts, and other things have tended to prevent a rush of immigrants, not the least being the competition of countries that have been open longer for settlement. A large population always acts as a magnet so far as immigration is concerned. But its day is coming very rapidly, and the recent visit of the British Tenant Farmers, their favourable reports, and the splendid harvest of last year, will do much to draw attention to the great advantages of Manitoba and the North-west.

Much publicity has been given to the statement that the yearly Reports of the Department of Agriculture show that over eight hundred thousand immigrants landed in the Dominion during the last decade; and as the total increase in the population is only a little over five hundred thousand, it is claimed that there is a screw loose somewhere. But there is little doubt that the immigration returns are inaccurate. The British Board of Trade Emigration returns, so far as regards British North America, show an emigration to Canada less than a third of that claimed in the Canadian returns. It is true that they do not include those who go to Canada by way of American ports, a considerable number nowadays, but not sufficient to account for a half of the balance. They include all the steerage passengers as well as actual emigrants, and for that reason are not reliable; the Canadian returns are also of doubtful utility for much the same reason, as there is a large amount of travel on business and pleasure between Canada and the United States. It deserves to be mentioned that there is a widespread feeling in Canada that the census returns are not so accurate as they might be; and it is admitted that the plan of enumeration adopted this year excluded many thousands of persons who would have been included if that in use in 1881 had

been continued. In many places local recounts are threatened, and one or two that have recently taken place seem to indicate that there is some ground for the distrust that exists. The population of Victoria, British Columbia, for instance, according to the official census, was only 16,841, while a later civic recount places the total at 24,972. There is also a divergence between the official and municipal censuses in Toronto and Vancouver. Again, the birth-rate in Canada has diminished in the last twenty years or so; and in Ontario alone it is said that had the size of the average family been maintained at its former percentage, the population this year would have been higher by nearly two hundred thousand!

It is not likely that Canada will get two hundred and fifty thousand people a year in the North-west, as an enthusiastic Governor once prophesied, at anyrate for a long time; but now that the Confederation is practically complete, all the provinces being united by railway, possessing ample means of local communication, and having access to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, there is no doubt whatever that Canada generally, and especially the Western country, is upon the threshold of a period of active development. General statistics show that the material progress of Canada and its 4,829,411 inhabitants will compare favourably with any other country in which similar conditions prevail, either inside or outside the British Empire; and it will be strange indeed if the next census does not tell a much more satisfactory story than that of 1891.

MAJOR RANDALL'S WARNING.

PART II.

MR DREW was the manager of Merstoke Bank, residing over its offices in the High Street of that small cathedral town. On the morning of the day on which this story opened, he was hurrying over his breakfast in order to get away from the repinings of a discontented wife, who was upbraiding him for being a man with 'no ambition.'

'We ought to take a higher position,' said Mrs Drew.

'Let us be contented as we are, my dear; I am happy in my own station of life,' answered he.

'You don't push.'

'Certainly not to be thrust back again.'

'But you must confess that we are passed over. Lady Compton did not invite us to her garden fête; yet the Fullers were there, and he's only doctor, and as poor as a church mouse.'

'He cured her bad leg, my dear.'

'If you please, it was the servants he attended. One day, hearing she had rheumatics in her knee, he recommended camphorated oil; that's all he did.'

'At anyrate she walks now quite as well as you do, and declares that he cured her.—You have little to complain of, Martha. I am sure that very nice people invite us. We dined last week at the Sub-dean's in the precincts.'

'Bother the Sub-dean! He was only a tutor at Cambridge, and married a governess—and there was nobody of any consequence asked to meet us—only old lawyer Frampton, his deaf wife,

and the new organist at the cathedral; while a few days afterwards they gave another dinner-party with the Dean and Lady Charlotte, and two K.C.B.s!

'In small parties, my dear, people should only be brought together of nearly the same social position,' replied the bank manager, very sensibly.

'I consider myself as much a lady as the Dean's wife—as good as any in the county, and better than most in this town,' replied Mrs Drew, reddening with anger. 'No; it's as I've always said, you don't make enough of yourself; you've no ambition!'

Mr Drew looked at his watch, bolted his toast, drank his remaining coffee, and hurried away. He stopped at the door, however, to fire a parting shot. 'It is not what we consider ourselves, Martha; it is what we are in other people's opinion.' Then he fled. Mrs Drew shed a few angry tears, and set herself to consider how she could alter the existing state of things.

It is a remarkable circumstance frequently occurring, that when people are happy and prosperous, without a serious care in the world, they invent a grievance; and this silly woman was discontented because she could not enter the society to which neither her birth nor her education entitled her.

'A benevolent purpose would be a good way of getting in with them—a fancy bazaar for a charity, if the Mayor would lend the town hall,' she soliloquised. 'When they know me, and what a superior lady-like person I really am, they would cultivate my acquaintance.' This and similar thoughts occupied Mrs Drew's vacant mind that morning for some time, when there was a ring at the house-bell, and a visitor was announced.

Her face grew black, and the frown on her brow reappeared as she heard the name. It was a visitor who seldom called more than once in six months, and was not ushered into her drawing-room—a choice apartment overcrowded with showy furniture—but into a parlour opening from the hall.

This visitor was an old man, tall, thin, who had been handsome in earlier life, with well-cut features, a fair pale face, and light gray eyes. He was dressed in a drab-coloured suit of homespun, and wore leather leggings, as is the fashion of country people. He was Isaac Twyford, the miller at Roby, a small village at some ten miles' distance. His face brightened into a smile when Mrs Drew sailed into the room; he advanced to meet her, putting out his hand, in which she condescendingly placed the tips of her fingers.

'Well, Martha,' said he, 'as usual you do not seem to be pleased at seeing me. Your worthy husband is always friendly; one would suppose that he was my relation, instead of you.'

'What is it you expect, uncle? People cannot always go on in the same groove. I have been married sixteen years, and quite stepped out of my early sphere. I'm sure I'm always civil to you,' replied Mrs Drew with a sigh.

'You are pretty well so, perhaps; but there seems no real warmth in you, for I am a lone man, and you are a blood-relation—my nearest kin; I have felt a void since—since' (here his voice faltered and grew husky), 'since Elizabeth left her old father.'

'Don't mention her name in my presence!' cried Mrs Drew, holding up her hands in abhorrence. 'She's not fit to be mentioned in a decent lady's house!'

'Stay, Martha; not so fast. Elizabeth was lawfully married to the rascal—please to remember that. She is as honest as yourself'—he said this fiercely—'she made a mistake in her choice—taking lacquer for gold; and in leaving her home.—Never mind; we'll drop the subject. I've not come to talk about the poor girl; my visit is for a different purpose.'

'You have a purpose, then?' said she inquisitively.

The old man drew his chair nearer to her, saying confidentially: 'I've just come from Mr Frampton's; I've been making a new will.'

'A new will!' repeated his niece, opening her eyes. 'What is that for?'

'You shall hear. It is twelve years since my girl left me; she and her husband went to Australia, that is certain. Some time after I heard they had gone to Canada. Now, all traces appear to be lost. If Elizabeth returns in the course of the next ten years, she will inherit my property; if not, as my next of kin—I have no relations, save very distant ones—it will, according to law, revert to you.'

Mrs Drew's face brightened up. 'As your brother's daughter, I suppose so,' said she; 'though ten years seem a long while to wait.'

'I have not felt well lately; and for some days there has been an unaccountable weight on my spirits, as if something were going to happen; so I thought I would make a new will, leaving my forgiveness to my mistaken child, to whom, perhaps, I was too severe when I disinherited her; but I have taken care the rascal shall never claim a penny of it!'

'It's all news. You must have some refreshment—a hot chop, and a glass of good port, to hearten you up,' cried Mrs Drew with sudden cordiality, ringing the bell for luncheon.

The old miller did not refuse her offer: he had felt his loneliness of late; and though his niece was not affectionate, yet he found a species of comfort in being with a relative.

After his luncheon, and talking of bygone days and old friends, which did him as much good, he brightened up; and parted with her on more friendly terms than they had been for some years. He had other business to transact in the town, he said, and must get back home, for it looked as if it were going to be a wet night.

'Did you drive in, uncle?' asked she.

'No,' he answered; 'I rode over on Gray Dobbin. I have put him up at the Crown.'

And so they parted, the old man just touching her brow with his lips.

'Delightful!' cried Mrs Drew to herself, when she was alone, rubbing her hands with satisfaction. 'Everybody says he's rich. Really, he looks as if he were booked—very shaky. Seventy is not such a great age; but fretting for that minx Elizabeth has undermined him. Will she ever return, I wonder? That's the question. I think she must be dead, or she would have bothered him for money before this. That husband of hers reckoned to make money of his father-in-law. Roughing it in the colonies would soon wear her out. Fool that she was, to run

away from a good home with a man who had nothing! Well, perhaps it may make it better for other people.'

It is seen by the tenor of her thoughts that Mrs Drew was an unfeeling, worldly woman.

Mr Twyford had scarcely left the house an hour, when another ring at the door-bell announced a visitor.

'A person wishes to see you for a few minutes, mum,' said the maid-servant.

'A man or woman?' asked her mistress.

'She's a faded-like sort of lady,' answered Sarah.

'With a begging-letter, I'll be bound—or somebody worrying for a subscription,' exclaimed the projector of the bazaar for charitable purposes. 'I'll not see her. Tell her I am engaged.'

Presently Sarah returned. 'She says, mum, as how she'd be very much obliged if you'd see her just for a minute.'

'When I say no, I mean it, replied Mrs Drew shortly; then listening, she heard the visitor depart.

Ten minutes afterwards, her husband's voice sounded from the foot of the stairs in the hall; he had been sought in the bank by the 'faded lady,' and brought her into his house through the private door of communication.

'Martha, Martha, come down!' he called out; when she descended, wondering. 'You little know who is in there,' whispering, and motioning over his shoulder towards the parlour door. 'Be civil to her.'

'Whoever is it?' said Mrs Drew, opening the door and entering the room.

The faded lady rose from the chair on which she had been seated, with an air of fatigue. Faded indeed—but still beautiful; though the face was white and wan, it retained its perfect oval; the classical brow and charm of large lustrous eyes—too bright—for it was the brilliancy of consumption. Her figure was fragile and drooping; her attire all too thin and inappropriate to the season, damp with rain, and in the fashion of bygone years.

'Elizabeth!' she cried, halting, struck with dismay.

'Yes,' replied the poor wreck, in a sighing voice. 'I have come back once more; and have called to ask if you will break the news of my return to my father. I fear going to him suddenly; at his age the surprise might be too much for him. I must beg his forgiveness—before I die.'

'I'll not mix myself up in anything of the kind!' returned Mrs Drew angrily. 'It's all very fine saying you've come back to ask his forgiveness, now you are poor, as I conclude you are'—glancing at the worn shabby dress. 'You should have thought of it when you were prosperous.'

'I have never prospered.'

'Martha!' said the bank manager reproachfully.

'Is my father well?'

'I shall give you no information. I washed my hands of you years ago, when you ran away with an adventurer;' and she turned her back, as if to leave the room; but Mr Drew gave her a warning glance as she passed him, which caused her to remain. The kind-hearted man could assert himself when thoroughly roused, and then his wife got the worst of it.

He now seated himself beside Elizabeth. 'Your father is pretty well for a man of his years. He was with me in the bank an hour ago, and is most likely still in the town. Would you like me to try and find him, my dear?' he asked kindly.

'Oh Mr Drew, thank you, thank you!' she cried, clasping her hands.

'He always puts up at the Crown. I shall ascertain his whereabouts there. You sit still here until I come back;' and the good man departed.

Left alone with her cousin, Mrs Drew did not take a chair, but stood, staring at her with a hard expression. 'Well, you see what flying in your father's face has brought you to,' said she. 'Thank goodness, I was always dutiful to mine. —Have you any children?'

'I have had three,' faltered Elizabeth. 'They died in infancy. One lived until four years old—my darling—she was so sensible. I learned to believe in Heaven through my child; she was an angel sent to me.' The unfortunate Elizabeth covered her face with her thin hands and wept silently.

'Is your husband kind to you?' asked Mrs Drew.

'Constant disappointments have much tried him now. At first he was kind; but he thought my father ought to have forgiven me and him; then he became cross because I refused to write asking for assistance.'

'Where have you been all these years?'

'First we went to Brisbane. He could not obtain employment as a clerk or a teacher, and he was not trained for manual labour; so we went to Canada, afterwards to the States; lastly, to California. Nothing succeeded with him. My health failed from the time I lost my little ones. Then he thought he might do better in England, after all; and I longed to see my father once more before I died—so we have come.'

'Well may you regret your conduct.'

'Yet some excuse might be made for me, a giddy, motherless girl, and my father too old to understand young people. His strict principles I mis-called severity. Well, it is all gone and passed now. I trust to see his dear face once more—to hear him say he forgives me; then I will lay down my head and die.'

'I really believe she is in a deep decline,' thought the pitiless woman to herself; then aloud: 'Where are you staying?'

'We only arrived at Liverpool yesterday, and came on here at once. My husband is waiting for me in the town; I hope he will not meet my father,' said she nervously.

'I'm glad I never was a beauty,' said Mrs Drew piously, 'or perhaps even I might have been led astray by flattery—not but that I was nice-looking, and scrupulous in my conduct. I had many offers, and might have done better than marrying Mr Drew, only'—

'No, no!' cried Elizabeth energetically; 'that would be impossible; he is a good kind man.'

At this moment Mr Drew returned, with a radiant face. 'I soon found your father, my dear,' he said, 'who waits to receive you with open arms at the Crown. He declined coming here. You must be guarded in what you say, remember. Your husband's name had best not be

mentioned. Him, he will never forgive.—Come; I have a fly waiting; I will take you to him.'

Elizabeth raised the bank manager's hand to her lips and kissed it.

'She can't live, with that hollow voice,' soliloquised Mrs Drew when they left the room. 'I shall not have long to wait for the property.'

Elizabeth Ashworth, after an affecting and perfect reconciliation with her father, sought her husband at the small railway inn at the outskirts of the town where he awaited her return. He was furious when she related the results of the interview she had unexpectedly obtained, which were, that he would receive her back home and reinstate her as his heiress, on condition that she parted from her husband, whose treachery in beguiling a girl of eighteen from her father's roof he could never forgive.

Ashworth, after upbraiding his wife in not having overcome the old man's prejudice, rushed from the house.

Poor Elizabeth was found lying on the floor in a fainting fit. Overcome by excitement and fatigue, she was carried to a bedroom, a doctor sent for, who pronounced her condition to be precarious through failure of the heart's action. Although receiving every care and attention, she never rallied, and by morning's dawn she had passed away, being mercifully spared the knowledge of her father's tragic end.

AN OCEAN GRAVEYARD.

A low sandy fragment in the Atlantic, right in the track of vessels voyaging between Europe and British North America, is responsible for more maritime disasters than probably any piece of land of equal area in any part of the world. This is Sable Island. It has a curious history, as well as some peculiar physical features. An island, moreover, on which as many as two hundred lives have been lost by shipwreck in one year, must have special interest for a maritime people.

Sable Island, then, belongs to the province of Nova Scotia, is about eighty-five miles east from the northern promontory of the peninsula—Cape Canseau (or Canso)—and is in latitude 43° 60' N., long. 60° W. Its general physical appearance is like that of a collection of hard sandbanks with loose white ends. The surface is not level, but undulating; and its colour so much resembles that of the surrounding sea on a cloudy day, that it is not difficult to understand why vessels have so often run upon it. Fifty years ago it was noted that the island was diminishing in size, for the spot on which the superintendent's house had been built some years previously, was then covered with two fathoms of water. On the other hand, new shoals and banks are being constantly created by the alternate and combined action of the wind and sea.

There is not a single tree or shrub on the whole island, and its only indigenous vegetation is a strong coarse bent-grass, interspersed with a few whortleberry and cranberry bushes in places where the wind has scooped out hollows. So loose is the soil, or sand, that the surface is

constantly altering, and a conical hill once only a few feet high is now over one hundred feet, and is still growing with the tributes of the storms. And often, after a gale, the skeletons of shipwrecked mariners, and the ribs and timbers of derelict vessels which have been buried for years, are exposed by the pitiless sea-blast.

It has been said that those who have not personally witnessed the effect of a storm on this place can have no conception of its horrors. The thunder of the sea when it strikes this long thin line of sand is something appalling, and the vibration of the whole mass under the mighty impact seems to threaten a collapse that never comes. The south end is completely covered with driftwood and wreckage driven ashore by the waves; and at each end there is a dangerous sandbar, which in a storm raises continuous lines of breakers—in the one case sixteen, and in the other twenty-eight, miles long—making about fifty miles of broken water. The prevailing wind in the summer months is south-west, and is usually accompanied with fog. In winter, snow seldom lies, and the cold is much abated by the seabreeze.

Dr Dawson of Montreal, in his work on *Acadian Geology*, published some twenty years ago, mentions that it had been reported to him that within the previous twenty-eight years the western end of the island had decreased in length by about seven miles; but that it had increased in height, especially at the eastern end. There is evidence, he thought, that the whole island is moving eastward, as the natural effect of the prevailing winds. More recent measurements give the present length of the island as little more than twenty miles, and its breadth about a mile. In 1802, when the Government Station was established, the length was marked at forty miles; so that there has been a decrease of about fifty per cent. in bulk within about eighty years. There is a tradition that when discovered by Sebastian Cabot in 1447 it was eighty miles long, ten wide, and three hundred feet high; but we have not been able to find any authority for these measurements.

Dr Dawson's explanation of the geological formation of Sable Island is, that it is the summit of one of those huge banks of sand, pebbles, and fragments of shell and coral, which form a line extending under the waters of the Atlantic, parallel with the American coast, from Newfoundland to Cape Cod. The whole of the sandy surface, he concludes, must have been washed and blown up by the sea and wind, and may in course of time be washed and blown down, as the mass is driven gradually to the edge of the submarine bank, and so into deeper water.

In the centre of the island there is a valley extending almost the whole length, in which is found the principal growth of grass and bushes. Eight miles of this valley are filled by a lake, which is separated from the sea by a narrow ridge of about two hundred yards. At one time the sea made a breach into this lake on the north side, and a commodious inland harbour was formed, in which coasters took refuge. But another storm closed it again after a time, and two American schooners were effectually imprisoned.

At each end of this lake there is a hut, fur-

nished with provisions for shipwrecked mariners, and with written directions how to find the house of the superintendent, which is about the centre of the north side of the lake. There is a large barn with stores here, and efforts are made, not with conspicuous success, to grow vegetables. Oats and rye have also been tried, but did not ripen. Rabbits abound; and at one time there was a herd of wild cattle, but these were killed off by various crews of adventurers before the present settlement was formed. Since then, horses have been introduced, and the island is now famous for a breed of strong, active, sturdy ponies, resembling those of Shetland. They at one time increased beyond the means of subsistence, and numbers had to be killed every year, not only for the good of the rest, but also to provide fresh food for the crews of wrecks, who have often to remain a long time before they can get across to the mainland. The meat is said to be tender and palatable. There was once, also, a herd of wild hogs; but the whole perished in an unusually severe winter some seventy years ago, and it has not been thought advisable to renew the stock, as their feeding among the wrecks was by no means free from horrible possibilities. During the summer, the island is visited by great flocks of sea-birds, as also by shoals of the hair-seal, which resort thither for breeding purposes.

The walrus, or sea-horse, at one time frequented the island, and was a valuable object of pursuit. There are notes in the old colonial annals which show that for a long term this island was a place of annual resort for both English and French fishermen. There is mention of a collection of four hundred pairs of walrus teeth, valued at three hundred pounds, and another of skins, furs, &c., valued at fifteen hundred pounds. The walrus is now extinct on Sable Island; but Dr Dawson ascribes its former presence there to the fact that the sandbanks form a meeting-place of the icy Arctic current and the Gulf-stream. The former brought the walrus and the seal; the latter, the driftwood of southern latitudes; while the mingling streams cause the deflection of the current, which throws navigators out of their reckoning and on to the sandbars.

So much for physical attributes, which it will be agreed are by no means attractive. Yet this uninviting sandbank in the Atlantic was really the situation of the first European settlement in what is now British North America. From that circumstance alone our interest is arrested.

It happened in this way. In 1534, Jacques Cartier, a pilot of St Malo, discovered Acadia, and in the following year the St Lawrence. He took back such glowing accounts to France that the French king determined to found a colony in the new land. In 1541, therefore, Roberval was nominated Lieutenant-general of Canada, and was sent out with a fleet to form a colony. The experiment was a failure—from what causes we need not now inquire—and Roberval returned to France with the remnant of his company.

For several years nothing more was done, until, in 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert set out from England with two hundred and sixty men to found a colony in Newfoundland. That also was a failure, and again there was a pause. But in 1598 the French again wakened up, and Henry IV. gave the Marquis de la Roche a commission

as Lieutenant-general and Viceroy of Canada, and sent him out to select regions for colonisation. De la Roche took with him forty-eight convicts from the French prisons, with whom he was to found a penal colony. The first land he sighted was Sable Island; and after a cursory inspection, he concluded that this was the very place for a settlement. So he landed his convicts, and then went on to explore Nova Scotia, intending, let us charitably suppose, to return to his island settlers. But stress of weather compelled him to take to the open sea, and he sailed for France, leaving the convicts to their fate. There they remained for several years, until the king, hearing of the circumstance, sent a vessel to bring them away.

Meanwhile, these pioneer colonists had not been idle. A providential wreck had supplied them with timber and a few sheep. They built huts, and lived on the sheep as long as they lasted. Then they hunted seals, and collected the skins while they fed on the flesh. It is said, also, that they found a few wild cattle, the produce of some animals left there by a previous French navigator in 1518; but as to this authorities differ. At anyrate, when the relief-ship came, there were only twelve of the original company who had survived the hardships, and these twelve were clad in rough seal-skins and were living in a rude hut. They were taken home and presented to the king just as they had been found; and he was so touched at their condition and sufferings, that he gave all of them a free pardon and a grant of money. It is said to have to state that the unfortunates were robbed of the skins they had collected, which were worth a good deal of money, by the commander of the relief expedition; but they afterwards recovered the amount by process of law, and history says that they became prosperous fur-traders.

Possibly some of them went back to Sable Island, for when a vessel on a voyage from Connecticut to England, was, in 1635, wrecked on Sable Island, the crew found there a number of Frenchmen, who treated them kindly, and assisted them in reaching the mainland. Two years previously, John Rose, a Boston man, was wrecked there; and there were no Frenchmen then. But the account he gave of the place tempted several of the Acadian colonists to embark for the island, to hunt the wild cattle and the seals and walrus.

Some years later, a number of Boston adventurers organised a company to explore Sable Island; but when they arrived they found sixteen Frenchmen who had wintered there and had killed nearly all the cattle. The Bostonians did not do much good with the seals, and returned home; but two years later, twenty men set out from Boston again for Sable Island and remained away over two or three winters. After this, Sable Island expeditions from Boston became a regular thing, until there were no more wild cattle to kill, and hunting the sea-horse ceased to be profitable.

This was as long ago as the later half of the seventeenth century; and since then, Sable Island has ceased to have a commercial value. But it has acquired an importance of another and a dismal sort, so much so that the Government of Nova Scotia had to establish a beacon and

refuge for shipwrecked sailors, under the charge of a resident superintendent, with a small company of eighteen men, who are stationed at different parts of the island, on the constant lookout for distressed vessels. This, however, is a beneficent work which has only been undertaken within the present century—in 1802.

Sable Island was, before the Government took it in hand, a sort of paradise of villainy. It was not only the scene of countless wrecks, but also the chosen resort of heartless wreckers and blood-thirsty pirates. How many crimes have been committed on its sandy desert—how many criminals it has sheltered and enriched—will never be known. But the Nova Scotians regard it as a land of ghosts, and shudder at it as a place of fearful legend and of awful fact. It would be hard to find thirty miles of land anywhere more crowded with weird association and ghastly history. No wonder it is called by the Acadians, 'the Ocean Graveyard.'

The first wreck that occurred here of which there is any authentic record was that of one of the ships belonging to the unfortunate expedition of Sir Humphrey Gilbert above referred to. That was three hundred years ago, and the whole sum of disasters of these three hundred years will never be known. The centre of storm, of fog, of sandbars, of apparently endless breakers, and of swirling currents, Sable Island is feared by mariners of all nations. The catastrophe which led to the establishment of a life-shelter there occurred in 1801. The transport *Princess Amelia*, with upwards of two hundred officers, recruits, and crew, and carrying the household effects of the Duke of Kent, was cast on the sandbanks, and every soul on board perished. A gunboat which was sent to search for survivors was wrecked in the same manner, although not with such loss of life. Then it was decided that it was time for Government to do something.

A party was settled on the island for the express purpose of succouring shipwrecked people and saving property, and to ensure them from the depredations of pirates and free-hunters. A proclamation was issued forbidding any person, under pain of imprisonment for not less than six years, to reside on the island without a Government license. The risks are now too great for wreckers, and there is nothing else to attract adventurers. The principal station, as we have said, is near the centre of the valley, and there are five out-stations at which men reside to keep watch. These out-stations have signal arrangements for communicating with the head-station and also with vessels. Then there are, besides, the two refuge-houses already mentioned, the doors of which are always left open, and in which are wood and matches for fire, a supply of water, a bag of biscuits hung on the wall to be out of the way of the rats, and a board of written instructions for castaways. At different stations there are lifeboats, surfboats, life-buoys, rocket apparatus, &c.; and a supply of horses is always kept in readiness to drag the boats, &c., wherever they may be wanted.

We have mentioned rats, and concerning these an interesting incident occurred. It seems that many years ago the island was absolutely overrun with rabbits, which find very suitable places of residence in the sandy soil. But once

an old Norwegian vessel which was overrun with rats was cast ashore. The rats landed, and increased and multiplied so rapidly that they almost annihilated the rabbits, besides playing havoc with the Government stores. So a cargo of cats was imported, and the cats killed off both the rats and the rabbits. Then the cats so increased and multiplied that they in turn became a nuisance, and dogs were imported to extirpate the cats. What became of the dogs is not related; but a few years ago rabbits were again introduced, and rats also reappeared from some other wreck. The old story has been repeated, and two years ago the town of Halifax was beaten for a supply of cats, which were again shipped off to Sable Island. And there the struggle for survival between the rodents and the felines is now again in active progress.

We have said that no persons but those engaged in the life-saving establishment are allowed to reside on the island without a Government permit. There is one class, however, to whom a permit is never refused, and that is the victims of alcoholic indulgence. No drink is obtainable on Sable Island, and thus it has become an asylum for the confirmed inebriates of Nova Scotia. So that this dismal, death-strewn, ghost-haunted, horrible Atlantic excrescence does some good purpose, after all, in spite of all its evil deeds.

AN ELECTRICAL BURGLAR-TRAP.

As a member of the 'special staff' to whom is entrusted the duty of dealing with telegraph business at race meetings and other events of irregular and itinerant occurrence, I have visited most towns of any importance in England, and have been a spectator of, and in some cases a participator in, some curious incidents, one of which I propose to relate here. Many of the most successful meetings, from a racing-man's point of view, are those held at places otherwise of very little size or importance. As an example, it will be sufficient to mention Epsom. It was to a town in the Midlands ordinarily containing about six thousand inhabitants, that I, with five colleagues, including a supervisor, was ordered in the autumn of 187-. The event was a two-day race meeting. The first day was fine, with occasional showers; the racing was good; and as a large company was present, we had enough to do not only at the Grand Stand, but also later in the evening at the town office, whence we despatched a large quantity of press-work by means of a 'Wheatstone,' which had been sent for the purpose. It was eleven o'clock before we finished, and we then had a good half-hour's walk to our lodgings.

The second day was awful. Rain fell in torrents the whole afternoon. Of course the programme was carried out; but, beyond official results and 'received' messages, we had very little to do. It is the only day I can remember during which our boss did not stir out of the office. He generally contrived to have some business to transact outside about the time fixed for each race. This day, however, the persistent downpour was too much for him. After the third race, he sent me to one of the reporters on

some business. I found my man in the weighing-room, a small temporary wooden shed at the back of Tattersall's ring.

When I entered, the jockeys were being weighed in, and there was apparently some difficulty or dispute, as the process was an unusually protracted one. I waited, leaning against the back wall of the shed, and as I did so, became conscious of voices whispering outside. I caught the words, 'A bloke with a big red nose and one eye;' and my attention was arrested at once, for this was a description of our counter-clerk. I listened attentively and with increasing astonishment. The voices were those of two men; and the gist of their conversation was, that a plot which had been formed to rob our office of the cash-box on the previous day had failed, owing to the fact that Harper, our counter-clerk, had taken the box into town early in the afternoon, instead of, as was the practice, at the conclusion of racing. He had, however, been closely watched, and seen to place the box in the local postmaster's safe at the town office. The safe was in the room in which we worked in the evening, and was an old-fashioned, almost obsolete contrivance. All our movements must have been very diligently followed, as the men knew not only the exact position of the safe with respect to the doors and windows, but also at what hour we closed the office, and the whereabouts of our lodgings. They had also ascertained that no one remained during the night in or near the room where the safe was.

The upshot of the conversation, which occupied less time than it has taken me to relate it was, that the town office was to be entered that night as soon after we had gone as would be considered safe. Entrance was to be effected from the back-yard, through the window of a small room adjoining the larger one in which we worked. Further details I failed to overhear, as the dispute at the weighing-chair, which had been gradually growing warmer, now waxed loud and furious. Taking advantage of the noise, I slipped out and hurried to the office. Taking the boss on one side, I told him all. He was for informing the police at once, and having the place guarded and the thieves scared off; but after a lot of persuasion, I talked him over, convincing him how much more to his credit it would redound if he himself captured the robbers red-handed and unaided by the police. I expounded to him a plan, the main idea of which had struck me at the first moment, to which he listened attentively, and occasionally smiled approvingly. When I ended, he said: 'It would do very well but for one thing. It involves three of us remaining concealed in the office?'

I assented.

'You say they watched us leave last night,' he went on, 'six of us. What will they think if only three leave to-night?'

I was nonplussed.

'I rather like the idea,' resumed the boss; 'but I think we should have help. Suppose we get a couple of Schinken's men?'

Sergeant Schinken was a kind of semi-public, semi-private police officer with a staff of men, who were largely employed by race committees in the task of preserving order in the enclosures, and excluding bad and doubtful characters.

They travelled about from meeting to meeting like ourselves, and in this way a sort of intimacy sprang up.

'Oh, they'd just be as bad as the locals,' I said. 'They'd want to boss the whole affair, and very likely spoil it. I'll tell you what: I'll ask three young fellows I know to come and have a game at cards at our diggings to-night. I'll tell them to call for us at the office half an hour or so before we close. At closing-time we can make some excuse, and send them off with our own three men, whilst you, Harper, and I remain.'

He still hesitated. I could see he was again more than half inclined to let the police deal with the matter. Of course his responsibility was heavy; and should anything go wrong, he would certainly be severely censured. I had, however, the utmost confidence in my plan, and would or could see no possibility of failure; so that, eventually, I succeeded in gaining his consent. This done, I was only anxious for the racing to conclude, that we might get down to the town and prepare our surprise party. At five o'clock the final race was run; and an hour later we were hard at it in the town, wiring full accounts of the day's doings. Only the three of us already mentioned knew of the projected attempt and our counter-plan; and we, convinced that we would be overlooked, assumed to the best of our abilities an ordinary manner and bearing. Harper produced as usual his cash-box and sheets, counted and balanced his account, telling the money, which amounted to about eighty pounds, out on the counter before him. Finally, he replaced it in the box, which he handed to the boss, who placed it in the safe, closing, but not locking, the door.

Meanwhile, I had, quietly and unobserved, procured a box very similar to Harper's, and after partly filling it with some odd pieces of metal, I fastened one end of a long wire to its brass handle. I prepared another similar piece of wire. Ostensibly for working purposes, I had gathered all the batteries at our command underneath the counter, and when the work was over, I quietly knelt down and joined them all together in series. At the same time I fastened one end of my spare wire to the negative pole of this monster battery; and then, standing up and leaning over the counter, succeeded, unnoticed, in attaching the other end of the wire to a narrow brass rail which ran along the top edge of the counter. I must explain, that in order to reach the safe from the pantry door, as we called it, it was necessary to pass almost the entire length of this counter, and of course to re-pass it in returning.

The hour for closing arrived. My three friends had been waiting some time. Everything being ready, the boss sent our three colleagues home, saying we would follow shortly. The three guests went with them. It was still raining, and they hurried off. The gas was immediately turned off; and I at once opened the safe and removed the cash-box, which Harper put in a place of safety, and substituted the one I had prepared with the length of wire. There was plenty of slack wire, which we brought round the back of the safe, over the other end of the counter, fastening the free end to the positive pole of the battery.

All was now ready. We hid behind the counter and waited. Harper, who was very bitter against the thieves, on account of their unflattering description of himself, took up his place close to the Wheatstone transmitter, a clock-work machine driven by heavy weights, and capable of attaining a very high speed.

An hour passed. It struck twelve. The rain was still beating against the windows. I was stiff and cold and weary, and was beginning to wish we had called in the police, when I heard something a trifle louder than the rain at the pantry window. There was a quick scratching sound like a nail drawn across a slate, and immediately after we heard the window-latch slipped back and the sash quietly raised. The men were certainly expert at their work. Had we not been alert and expecting them, we should not have heard their operations. In a few moments the pantry door opened with a gentle creak, and the marauder was in the room. We held our breath. Confident in his knowledge, the man had no light save what came from the windows. He approached the safe, and could not altogether suppress an exclamation of surprise and delight at finding it open. He was destined for more surprise and less delight shortly. Peeping carefully over the counter, I could just discern him in the dim light, with the box in his right hand, turning to retrace his steps. As I had anticipated, and indeed reckoned on, he stretched out his empty left hand to guide himself along the counter, and—seized the brass rail. As he did so, the full force of the battery struck him. 'Blazes!' he shouted, or rather yelled out. He tried to let go the rail, but in vain. Then he attempted to drop the cash-box, but that stuck to him too. He began to hop about and stamp and groan and swear and pray continually and all at once. We could hear the cash-box thump and rattle against the floor or the counter as the current jerked his arm spasmodically to and fro.

At this point Harper quietly turned on the transmitter and pushed the lever over to top-speed. Any one who has heard an instrument of this description set in motion at its maximum speed knows what a sensation of coming disaster is given by the rapidly increasing revolutions of a score of wheels, which gather speed and force and noise until it seems as if the whole machine will burst up by excess of velocity. Imagine the effect this had on the nerves of the man already in the grip of some mysterious, unfightable agony. Of course he jumped to the conclusion that the noise indicated some fresh increase of his torments. He began to scream for mercy. 'Oh-h-h! Help me. Murder! Oh gentlemen, stop it! Don't kill me. Help! Help!' He writhed and struggled, fell on his knees, and by an enormous effort, tore the rail from its place; but the battery wire still held on. For a time his cries and struggles redoubled; but at last he lay exhausted on the floor. I then turned off the current, and we turned on the gas. There lay our man, his face gray and distorted, as though he had had a fit. He was quite young. After he had somewhat recovered, he begged hard to be let go, gasping out: 'You've done it hard enough on me.'

After some hesitation, the boss decided to let him go. I fancy he was not quite at his ease

as to how his action would be regarded by the department. Another reason was that the second man had got clean away. He had been waiting outside; but on hearing the disturbance and his pal's cries, had fled and left him.

The man was grateful for his release, and walked slowly and heavily away. He was evidently severely shaken, and I should scarcely think would ever try to rob a telegraph office again.

HEADS AND TAILS.

THE trade in animals and their products is very extensive, and it will be thought curious that there are special trades carried on with the extremities of animals. The Heads and Tails have relative values. As food delicacies, the head of the calf, the sheep, the ox, the wild-boar, and the domestic pig, are appreciated. So is the cod's head. The trunk of the elephant, and the moufle or loose covering of the nose of the great moose-deer or elk, are also dainties in some countries. Animal and human skulls are esteemed by the craniologist and for the cabinets of museums; and the savage head-hunter prides himself upon the number of skulls of his enemies he possesses. The mounted heads of animals adorn many entrance halls and rooms. The ram's head is occasionally converted into an ornamental mull or snuff-box.

There are other animals whose 'head and front' have a commercial value. The snout or rostrum of the sawfish and other species, called in the Eastern Archipelago the 'juparang,' is a very considerable article of trade for the China market, being used as medicine. Mr Anderson, in *A Mission to Sumatra*, says he purchased at Delle, for half a dollar, the largest he had ever seen, being five feet five inches in length, and armed on each side with teeth of an immense size, some two inches in length and fifty-six in number. In India, a reward is offered by the Government for the destruction of tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, hyenas, and other wild ferocious animals. For tigers, about five thousand pounds is paid for the slaughter of fifteen hundred annually; and often two hundred and fifty heads have been brought by natives in a single day, to claim this reward. As much as twelve thousand pounds was paid in 1889 for the destruction of one hundred and ninety thousand wild beasts.

In commerce, the collective name 'head' is applied to other objects than the head of animals. A bundle of flax two feet in length, weighing a few pounds, is termed a 'head.' It is also a trade-name for the thirteen plates of tortoise-shell on the carapace of the hawk's-bill tortoise. The state of a deer's antlers, by which his age is known, is spoken of as his 'head.' At the present day, the oldest stags in Scotland, crown or royal stags, seldom present more than ten or twelve 'points.'

Passing now to tails. The ox-tail and the tail of the kangaroo are much esteemed for soup; and the tail of the beaver, which consists of a gristly kind of fat, is considered a great luxury when it is trussed. The brush of the fox is prized by sportsmen as a trophy, and is often

mounted as an ornament. The broad and heavy tail of the sheep bred in Asia Minor, and for a long time common in South Africa, is not the least valuable portion of the animal. It is composed wholly of fat, which differs essentially from tallow or any other fat excepting lard. Its delicacy enables it to take the place of butter for culinary purposes, and it is in many respects far superior, while also decidedly cheaper. Moreover, 'tail's fat,' as it is called, is as much an article of merchandise there as any other necessary or comfort of life, and a market unsupplied with it would be deemed poor indeed. It fetches a medium price between tallow and butter, and is almost entirely used by the natives instead of the latter.

The negroes esteem the tail of the alligator a delicacy; and Dr Holbrook states that it is tolerable eating, although Catesby found its peculiar taste and odour disagreeable. The tails of the lobster and crayfish form an article of commerce in America, Greece, and Russia, either dried or canned. In Europe they are chiefly sold dried.

One or two million squirrels' tails come into commerce annually: they are known as Calabar tails. The sable tails on mandarins' caps in China denote that the wearers are Tartars. The tails of the squirrel and ermine (sable tips) are esteemed for fur trimmings, and for making fine artists' pencils, being superior for this purpose to all other hairs. Many thousands of martens' tails are also imported. One species of marmot has a black tail eight inches long, or about half as long as the body. The ring-tailed monkey could a tail unfold, but it has no trade value. The point only of the tail of the ermine being jet black, is inserted at intervals into the prepared furs as an ornament. The ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family are not, however, spotted with the tail of the ermine, but with the paws of the black Astrakhan lamb, or other suitable black fur.

The tail of the musk-rat, also called the Desman, is placed among clothes and linen in Turkey and Russia as a perfume, to keep away moths. The musk-rat of India, called *Mondjouroue*, is the *Sorex murinus*. About one million and a half of musk-rats' tails are said to be imported annually into Europe, and are sought for by perfumers. The tail of the Musquash, known as the *ondatre* in France, forms a considerable article of import into India, being regarded by some as an aphrodisiac.

The bushy horse-like white tail of the yak, or grunting ox of Tibet, is much prized in the East, where it is used to brush away flies, and also as an emblem of authority. In India these tails are mounted on ivory or silver handles, and are called 'chowries.' State elephants are taught to carry one of these chowries in their trunks and to wave it backwards and forwards. Nearly ten thousand pounds was paid for these tails brought into India in 1890. The tail of the African elephant is used as a fly-flapper and an emblem of authority. The hair on it is stiff and smooth, of glossy black colour, fourteen to fifteen inches long, the size of small iron wire, solid, of a horny nature, very tough, and will bear to be doubled and tied without breaking—though some are brittle—and therefore useful for

making braids to fish-hooks. Neat ornaments, as rings, brooches, &c., are made of them in parts of Africa and Asia.

The long hair on the tail of the horse is much valued for manufacturing purposes. A queue or tail of horse-hair, suspended at the end of a pike, terminated by a gilded pennant, is the emblem of authority of a Turkish pasha of the third rank; those of the first rank have three tails. The usage of these tails is of Tartaric origin.

The jackal's tail is much prized by the Metabele tribe in Africa. They wear a circle of them dangling from their waist-belt, and on their head a jackal's tail, so worn that it stands straight up on one side of the head at the same angle as an English cavalry forage cap.

In the West Indies, a rat-catcher is attached to every sugar estate, because the rats commit great havoc from gnawing the sugar-canes. A reward is therefore given for every dozen tails brought in; but negro ingenuity contrives to manufacture artificial tails. The imported mongoose, or ichneumon, in many islands, now takes the place of the rat-catcher. The same fraud was recently carried on by a mole-killer in Switzerland, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for swindling the authorities. The destroyers of moles receive a certain sum for each; but they are not bound to present the bodies to obtain the reward, but only the tails. The man in question delivered no fewer than two thousand, and received a sum of twelve pounds. Surprise was felt at the number; and on close examination, a great many were found to be artificial, manufactured by gumming a strip of the animal's skin on a bit of wire covered with paper. Similar frauds were recently discovered in Australia, where large sums are paid for extirpating rabbits. A clever schemer found he could buy the skins cheap in the towns and sell them at a good profit to the stock-owner as the result of his own killing.

The tail feathers of many birds are in great request, such as those of the peacock, Argus pheasant, and eagle. Those of the common peacock are much used in China for fly-flappers, and are also a mark of rank conferred by the emperor for special services. The tail feathers of the golden eagle are worn in the bonnets of most of the Highland clans, and by Zulu chiefs in South Africa.

PAWN AND TOBACCO IN INDIA.

PAWN (properly *pān*) is a luxury much esteemed by the natives of India. It consists of the fresh leaf of the betel-vine (*Piper Betel*), in which is placed a little red catechu, betel-nut, and quicklime; spices are also often added, and sometimes a piece of dry tobacco. Cloves and a piece of the root of the betel-vine are sometimes added medicinally, for colds and coughs, for pawn is also regarded as a stimulant. If a native of India be an opium eater, he adds some of his favourite narcotic. When these several additions have been made, the leaf is folded in a particular way and eaten with its contents. The betel-leaf is obtained from a creeper extensively cultivated

by the Hindus, who regard it as very sacred ; and it is with the greatest difficulty that any one who is a follower of another religion can obtain admittance into a plantation of betel-vines. The betel-nut is obtained from the areca palm, and is so called simply because it is eaten with the betel-leaf.

The visible effect of eating pawn is that the teeth, tongue, and lips all become red, and the two latter much swollen, so much so, that after a long course of pawn-chewing, the utterance becomes thick and indistinct, and the teeth black. The expectoration is also much increased, and is coloured a deep red from the same cause.

To our English taste, pawn is very offensive ; but the natives of India relish it, and regard it as a necessity. It is much eaten by Moham-medans of both sexes, and by the natives of Bengal. The Hindus of Northern India do not indulge in it so freely. Eurasians and others of mixed races frequently chew it ; and some are in the habit of continually taking it ; but it would be quite accurate to say that no person of pure English parentage is in the habit of eating pawn.

When a native pays a call upon a fellow-countryman, the master of the house immediately calls for pawn ; and when it is prepared, all present begin to chew it, carrying on conversation meanwhile. When the called-upon thinks that it is time for his friend to leave, he gives some gentle hint, such as, that he hopes his friend will call again soon ; and the caller rises to depart ; but before he leaves the house, he is presented with more pawn, so that he may not leave with his mouth empty.

Bengali baboos (native gentlemen) when leaving home for business habitually supply themselves with pawn ; and any day they may be seen going along the streets with lips and tongues swollen and red. It is not considered etiquette by the natives of India to eat pawn or anything else in the presence of social superiors or employers.

Another thing in which the natives of India indulge just as much as in pawn is tobacco. The substitute for the English pipe which is used in India is the hookah. The base of the hookah is a brass vessel containing water ; this serves as a pedestal, and into it are fitted side by side two tubes about an inch in diameter. One of these tubes is about two feet in height, and has at the top a little round earthen vessel called a chillum. This chillum is a cup about four inches in height, and the same in width ; at the bottom it has a hole just large enough to be fitted on to the tube. A little earth is put loosely into the hole, to prevent the contents falling down the tube ; then some tobacco is put in, and over this some live charcoal. Those who are addicted to the use of opium frequently place some of the drug in the chillum along with the tobacco. The second tube runs up parallel with the first for some distance, and then branches out sideways for two feet or more : to the end of this tube the smoker applies his mouth and—enjoys himself. The smoke being drawn through the water in the pedestal makes the peculiar sound which causes the hookah to be called the ‘hubble-bubble.’

This description of hookah is most commonly

used among the better classes ; but there are many varieties. The poorer classes make a coconut shell serve the purpose of the brass water-vessel. The chillum is fixed on to a tube which is put into a hole at the end of the shell ; a second impromptu tube is formed with the hand and applied to a side-hole, through which the smoke is drawn.

It is not, as among the English, that only some men smoke tobacco ; but, with rare exceptions, all natives, men and women, indulge in this weed in some form or other. The hookah is smoked as a refreshment and sign of fellowship by the natives of India, and not merely as a luxury. When a group of natives are seated together, and, as is the custom, the hookah is passed round to each in turn, it is considered very bad manners for any one to decline to have a few puffs. If the hookah is thus refused in a friend's house, or while one is the guest of another, it is regarded as an insult. If, for any reason, a native is put out of caste, the fact is strictly marked by his former caste-fellows' refusal to smoke with him ; and any one who eats, drinks, or smokes with an out-caste, is himself out-casted.

It is curious how, while the Englishman speaks of ‘smoking’ tobacco, the Chinaman and native of Bengal speak of ‘eating’ it, and the native of Northern India speaks of ‘drinking’ tobacco, thus indicating that they regard it as one of the necessities of life. Tobacco grows freely in India, which may account for its cheapness and universal use.

A SEASIDE REVERIE.

A BLUE dome of heaven seeming
Faint blue 'gainst the sea, that, gleaming,
Trembles beautiful and bright ;
'Neath the island's purple steep,
Dancing diamond-wise, it leaps,
In the sunny summer light.

And the wild high grasses blowing,
Listen to the tide in-flowing
With eternal melodies ;
Scarlets poppies kiss the feet
Of the young corn growing sweet
In the pleasant upland leas,

Growing in the sunshine sweetly,
While the summer wind goes fleetly
With light footsteps to the sea ;
Kisses he the laughing corn
As he goes this sunlit morn
With swift wings and merrily.

The sweet silence is unbroken ;
Rarely human words are spoken
On this yellow grassy hill ;
But the brown bee flying hums,
While for ever upward comes
The sea voice, never still.

MARY FURLONG.

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